A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him aſsiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords, and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently, as greatnes knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtreight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cryes out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behinde him here,
When he was perſonall in the Iriſh warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the king,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffred his kinſman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his king) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac't me in my happie victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vnkle from the counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſd my father from the Court,
Broke othe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwere to the king?

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter. Wee'le withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall mine vnkle
Bring him our purpoſes, and ſo farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and Sir Mighel.

Arch. Hie, good ſir Mighel, beare this ſealed briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhall,
This to my coſen Scroope, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haſte.

Sir M. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good ſir Mighell, is a day,
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For ſir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truely giuen to vnderſtand,
The king with mighty and quicke raiſed power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I feare, ſir Mighell,
What with the ſickneſſe of Northumberland,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion,
And what with Owen Glendowers abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew too,